



THE TROUBLES OF AN=M.F.H.

M.F.H. (to stranger, who is violently gesticulating to hounds). "WHEN YOU HAVE DONE FEEDING YOUR CHICKENS, SIR, PERHAPS YOU WILL ALLOW ME TO HUNT MY HOUNDS!"

THE NEW ORDER?

[*"The Ministers . . . such a lot of liars he never came across."*—
From a Northampton Oration.]

O ICHABOD, the glory has departed;
The good old days have gone for ever by,
When gentlemen of feeling would have smarted
Beneath the imputation of a "lie."
Eheu fugaces! Tempora mutantur!
Manners and self-respect have grown antique,
When "lie" and "liar" pass for "genial banter,"
And *Truth* is sold for 6d. every week.

In those brave times this form of accusation
Was sugared over with a coat of tact,
And found a limit at "equivocation,"
Or "making statements contrary to fact."
Now, when the party-criers go a-crying,
Resentment seems an antiquated freak,
And anyone can dogmatise on lying
Who values *Truth* at 6d. every week.

Here we have men of sound respectability,
Good, worthy men, advisers of the Crown,

Who bear the blow with undismayed tranquillity,
And take the name of "liar" lying down;
Mute they sit, and nurse their injured feelings;
Silenced by one who claims a right to speak,
Born of a long experience of dealings
In *Truth*—as sold for 6d. every week.

Will they not rise, and trample down the lie-word?
Can nothing rouse them from their dull repose?
Would they become a scandal and a byword
Rather than punch his head or pull his nose?
Is it a sense of guilt, or love of quiet, or
What can it be that makes them slow to wreak
Vengeance on the accusing Improvisator
Of *Truth*—sweet *Truth*—at 6d. every week?

Ah, no. Sleep on, sleep on till labour ceases,
Sleep through the night, with honour free from stain!
It's only LABBY, no one minds what he says;
Nobody answers LABBY back again.
LABBY is always saying something funny,
But says it when his tongue is in his cheek;
LABBY's a cynic; why, he makes his money
By selling *Truth* at 6d. every week! DUM-DUV.

SMUTS ON THE SITUATION;

OR, THE "DEVIL'S ADVOCATE."

[“There burns in the Boer mind a fierce indignation against this sacrilege of Chinese importation—this spoliation of the heritage for which the generations of the people have sacrificed their all.”—Published letter of Advocate J. C. SMUTS, of Pretoria. N.B.—Since Chinese labour is only destined for the mines, a field of energy which has never attracted the Boer himself, it would seem that Mr. SMUTS in the above passage is merely advocating the cause of the Kaffir as against that of the Oriental. There must be a mistake somewhere.]

A BREAST with brazen corset trebly fitted,
And a superb capacity of jaw,
Needs must he have who lets himself be pitted
Against a Dutch Interpreter of Law;
But he should be one solid mass of gristle,
Tough as Brazil's impenetrable nuts,
Who dares to cope with your expert epistle,
Advocate SMUTS!

You view, I see, with undisguised aversion,
Bred of the faith that fires a patriot's blood,
Your precious country's probable immersion
Beneath a putrid stream of Pagan mud;
You see her heritage—the obvious fruit of
Your aires' sublime contempt for worldly ease—
Wrung from its rightful lords, and made the loot of
Heathen Chinees!

But what (inform me) was the actual juncture
At which your parents ceased to plough the land,
And lent their estimable thews to puncture
The hollow shafts that permeate the Rand?
I always thought they entertained a rooted
Distrust of dirty lucre's devious tracks,
And found their exploration better suited
To sinful blacks!

Misled by some Uitlandish ANANIAS,
I fancied you abhorred that hellish toil,
Content, by processes that passed for pious,
To pocket, indirectly, half the spoil;
While he, the godless nigger (so I gathered)
Sought to elude, inside those pits of sin,
Your Christian sjambok which would else have lathered
His sable skin.

Now lifted up with bellicose elation,
Puffed out with perquisites, and blown with beans,
He looks on labour as an occupation
Unfitted to a gentleman of means;
Posed loosely, in a careless state of coma,
Upon his torpid back or turgid tum,
He lies enveloped by a rich aroma
Of plug and rum!

Sir, on the soil that drank our tears and treasure,
That Promised Land, our Paradise of Earth,
Are we to wait upon his Highness' pleasure—
Wait till the brute resumes his ancient girth?
Can it be he, I ask, and not another,
Whose stolen heritage your bosom stirs?
Is it, in fact, to him as man and brother
Your note refers?

Do you protest against imported labour,
And mention sacrifices made in vain,
Simply because you hope your Kaffir neighbour
Will, by-and-by, consent to work again?
I may not plumb these deep forensic levels,
But all my native commonsense rebuts
The bare idea that you're that lazy devil's
Advocate, SMUTS!

LITTLE ARTICLES BY GREAT MEN.

JAPAN'S NAVAL PLANS.

(After Rear-Admiral INOU-E, Expert to the “Daily Telegraph.”)

THE immortal spirit which inspired our old-time Admirals has passed into the minds of the Japanese naval officers. The names of BLAKE and RODNEY are as familiar and as dear to them as their own naval heroes HUYOMONO and MATSUMAI. Can I ever forget how a little Jap torpedo-destroyer once sprinted out of Nagasaki and hailed me through the megaphone. The words seemed at once familiar and unfamiliar—“DRAKE ewor a devil man.” For a moment I was puzzled, till at last it flashed upon me that to greet an English friend the Japanese officer was quoting NEWBOLT's immortal poem “DRAKE he was a Devon man.” Courtesy and devotion—those two words sum up the Japanese Navy.

I recall with mingled feelings of grief and pride the conduct of a Japanese sub-lieutenant whom I entrusted to superintend the coaling of my ship. I said, “Keep the ship clean—as little dust as possible.” He threw a wreath of iris flowers on my head, and placed his hand on his heart. Judge my surprise the next day when on returning to the ship I found the coaling operations only just begun. On going to watch the coolies at work I found that they were taking the coal aboard in parcels made of rice paper. I called the sub-lieutenant to me and hinted that though this was cleanly it was unbusinesslike. He bowed low before my reproof and returned to superintend the coaling. When it was completed I received a little note, “Miserable servant has spilt abominable coal-dust on honourable decks, and therefore has committed hara kairi in stately top coal bunker.” Alas, it was only too true.

To show the spirit of the ordinary sailors I may relate a little incident. Once upon my birthday we were anchored off Hakodate, and in honour of the occasion I asked all hands to splice the main-brace in saké. As I sat in my cabin I could hear the clatter of the chop-sticks in the lacquer bowls, and it warmed my heart to think that the men were happy. When I went on deck an hour later I was surprised to see carved images of myself in all parts of the ship. They had sent off a shore-boat for a cargo of turnips, and with the artistic ingenuity which every Jap possesses had whittled them into admirable busts of their loved commander. My side whiskers were realistically represented by rope yarn. Two of these artistic trophies, preserved in pickle, now decorate my drawing-room.

Nor were the women backward in welcoming their English friends. One night at a tea-house six of the most renowned Geishas in Japan entertained us. The dance was a novel one to me, and it was some time before I understood that it represented the manoeuvres of a fleet, and that the most beautiful Geisha who stood fan-waving in the centre was supposed to be my humble self. On emerging from the tea-house I went to seek the boots which, in accordance with Japanese usage, I had left at the threshold. Imagine my delight when I found that the laces had been removed, and that in each lace-hole had been placed a different coloured chrysanthemum. It was with proud yet awkward steps that I made my way to the jinrikisha in waiting.

Flogging is unknown in the Japanese Navy. Small offences I used to punish by making the offender carry a fan of English pattern. For mutiny and murder I generally sentenced the criminal to wear a top-hat when on duty. This saved me the trouble of passing death-sentences, for the criminals invariably disembowelled themselves rather than offend their fine aesthetic sense.

I have no knowledge of the Japanese naval plans, but I know the indomitable spirit of their officers and men. I should not be surprised to find the Japanese fleet appearing at Mukden. Nothing is impossible to such an heroic nation.



TWO OF A TRADE.

THE RIGHT HON. J-S-PH CH-MB-EL-N (on his way back through Italy, addressing Vesuvius). "CALL YOURSELF A VOLCANO ? YOU WAIT TILL I GET HOME !"

DATE 4/20/98

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 14.— Of all ebullitions of human ecstasy command me to the spectacle of Young WEMYSS addressing the House of Lords. With some of us memory goes back to period before he succeeded to the earldom, when, as Lord ECHO, he sat in the Commons and instructed us. At that time there was, perhaps, predominant feeling of mingled resentment and boredom. During early years of House elected in 1880 he occupied seat on Front Bench below Gangway. This gave him opportunity, when orating, of standing well out on the floor and shaking his fist at Mr. GLADSTONE.

Had he been still with us, a Commoner, he would, but for technical difficulty, have been Father of the House. He took his seat as Member for East Gloucestershire sixty-three years ago. As far as I know no contemporary of that far-off period, which found PEEL in the plenitude of his power, sits in the House to-day. Unseated in East Gloucestershire in 1846, he was a few months out of the House, being in 1847 elected for Haddingtonshire, a constituency he represented for thirty-six years. But the interval, according to the rule, moved his record forward to the year 1847. A Member to establish his claim to Fathership of House must have sat uninterruptedly for a period going back to the furthest year.

But 1847 would have served. BEACH, the late Father, killed in hansom cab accident, did not enter House till 1857. In ECHO's case question never arose. In due course he was called to House of Lords, where he renewed his youth like the eagle.

Standing to-night at the Table, having



"You're not old, Father William!" the young man said,
"And you've made us a deuce of a name;
You'll be terribly missed from the House you have led—
Well, I'm glad you were here when I came."

(Mr. "Lulu" H-rc-rt, the new Member for Rossendale, was introduced by his father, Sir W-l-m H-rc-rt and Mr. H-rb-rt Gl-dst-ne, March 17.)

requisitioned Front Bench below Gangway for multitudinous memoranda, he moved for a commission "to inquire into and report upon the present state and prospects of our trade, and whether any change in methods is needed in furtherance thereof." Possibly of all Peers it is only Young WEMYSS who would have the audacity in existing circumstances to move this resolution. It will be perceived it ignores the fact that at this moment (though we don't hear so much of it as we did) there is sitting a Royal Commission appointed under the seal of Don José Rex charged with this very inquiry.

Young WEMYSS bent upon making a speech is not to be deterred by little considerations of that kind. Brushing it aside as if it were of no consequence, he chatted along for a full hour by Westminster clock. For all purposes leading to elucidation of the subject, or to conversion of his audience, he might have gone on for another hour or two. Usually addresses House from cross benches, a position that recommends itself to modest youth from its central commanding position and its resemblance to a pulpit. Moreover, a speaker rising thence has in full view the inspiring majesty of the Lord CHANCELLOR on the Woolsack.

Some years ago, when his present Majesty was still Prince of WALES, and in his accustomed seat at the corner of the front cross bench, Young WEMYSS, holding forth in ecstasy from the second bench behind, nearly knocked off the royal topper with swing of red right

hand. Since then fought shy of the place. Opportunity of addressing Peers from the table is reserved for Ministers and ex-Ministers; unofficial Peers speak from their place wherever they chance to sit. These arbitrary distinctions are trifling. If Young WEMYSS thinks it more consonant with his personal pre-eminence to speak from the Table he will do so, even as he would address the House from the Woolsack if he thought it would be for its moral and intellectual benefit.

I call it a speech in deference to conventional habit. It was really a soliloquy, a luxurious wandering over lush pastures rich with the merits, the wisdom, the infallibility of the Ninth Earl of WEMYSS, joyance here and there saddened by lament that wilful mankind, led by Trades Unions and other weak inventions of the enemy, are apt to turn a deaf ear to his counsel.

For a youth in his eighty-sixth year, still in the status of bridegroom, it was a marvellous *tour de force*. The continual effort of walking to and fro between the table and the bench which his papers appropriated amounted to a healthy stretch. Fortunately Young WEMYSS did not in this exercise overheat himself. Each time that he reached the bench in the course of these many excursions, he turned his back on expectant House, looked up his references leisurely as if he were in his library, sauntered back, shook portentous forefinger at Lord LANSDOWNE, murmured "My Lords" in warning voice, and went off at new tangent.



"YOUNG WEMYSS."

Business done.—In Lords none. In Commons debate on Education arose on Vote on Account.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Rumour current that SWIFT MACNEILL has been "sent for." Some authorities add that in forming his Cabinet he has named REDMOND *cadet* Lord President of the Council "on account of his deportment." It is added FLAVIN will be Foreign Secretary "on account of his accent."

Don't believe a word of it. Idle rumour based on nothing more substantial than fact that when, just now, Ministers were beaten in the Division Lobby, SWIFT MACNEILL made more noise than any three of his compatriots bawling in unison. "Moreover than which there is no vacancy for a new Premier. Ministers haven't resigned and don't mean to. Such virtuous constitutional practice as resignation in analogous circumstances all very well for mere Liberals. Unionists stand on higher platform.

Admittedly the circumstances are from outside point of view precisely parallel with what took place on June 21, 1895. House then in Committee of Supply; reduction of vote moved in order to indict War Office for neglect to supply arsenals with sufficient stock of cordite. No crisis anticipated; no sign of excitement. C.-B. on Treasury Bench in charge of votes looked sleepily around, wondered when they'd cut the cackle and come to the vote. Members strolled out languidly to Division Lobby; came back to leap into frenzied excitement on learning that Government had been defeated by majority of seven.

There parallel abruptly terminates. C.-B. promptly acceded to proposal to report progress. House adjourned. On resuming on the Monday—the blow fell on a Friday—announcement was made in both Houses that Ministers had placed their resignation in the hands of Her MAJESTY. It had been accepted, and there an end on't.

This afternoon Unionist Ministry were defeated by majority which, though small, was more than fifty per cent. in excess of that which wrecked the ROSEBERY Administration. PRINCE ARTHUR, casually strolling in, was met by demand to report progress. Has suffered much of late at hands of unreasonable gentlemen opposite. They have wanted to know all about the Scrap of Paper; they have insisted upon being informed as to minutest details of what they call the "jockeying" of RITCHIE and GEORGE HAMILTON out of Cabinet; they have insisted upon mastering niceties of difference between Retaliation and Don José's scheme of fiscal reform. These things have been suffered, not gladly, but with certain heroic patience.

This last eccentricity goes a step too far. PRINCE ARTHUR gazed on the

excited throng before him with icy stare that would chill any but those born with Celtic blood. He beheld SWIFT MACNEILL bobbing about on the bench like a pea in a hot frying pan. He saw REDMOND *cadet* elate with memory of having waved somebody else's hat when the figures of the division were announced, and so saved his own from wear and tear. He found REDMOND *ainé* on his feet, with something more than customary of portentous manner, moving to report progress.

Has heard about madness besetting bares in this month of March. Surely the mood is contagious and has gripped mankind. Why report progress? Nothing has happened except that Irish Members, cutting off their nose to spite their face, have reduced their Education vote by the sum of £100. The storm rages round him, but moves him not. Danger is passed; the twenty minutes that have sped since hostile division was



"Sir Wm. H-re-rt and I have not always seen eye-to-eye."—*Lord Rosebery.*

(Our Artist rather fancied they had !)

taken have brought in reinforcements. Committee again divides; this time on question to report progress. Strongest Ministry of modern times—it still boasts a normal majority of over a hundred and has just been placed in a minority of eleven—retrieves fortune and records a majority of twenty-five.

Business done.—Government defeated. "It's of no consequence," says Mr. Toots BALFOUR; and business proceeds as if nothing had happened.

Friday night.—Been a good deal of talk during the week about Passive Resistors. Quite time they had a look in at Westminster. Among doubtless unpreserved consequences of Don José's setting heather afire with torch of Protection is the fact that some thousands of estimable people, who have varied monotony of obscure lives by going to prison rather than pay Education rate, have found the newspapers with no room for enlarging on their case, whilst Parliament has never heard of it.

"What is the first recorded case of Passive Resistance?" the MEMBER FOR SARK asked as we talked this matter over.

"Give it up."

"Why SHADRACH, MESHACH, ABEDNEGO and the Fiery Furnace. Overhaul the Wollum, as Cap'en CUTTLE used to say, and you'll find how singularly close, in the spirit if not in the letter, are two series of events happening in Babylon under King NEBUCHADNEZZAR and in England under His Most Gracious Majesty King EDWARD THE SEVENTH."

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE CRY OF THE FLAT FISH.

[Lord ONSLOW's Bill "to provide against the destruction of undersized flat fish" is engaging the attention of a Select Committee of the Upper House.]

My Lords, whose sober counsels curb
The zeal of frenzied nations,
Be not annoyed that we disturb
Your calm deliberations.

The tribe of Pleuronectidae
(Salute the voice of science!)
Approach as suppliants: their plea
Defence and not defiance.

While England boasts her azure wall,
The billows that surround her,
She dare not disregard the call
Of turbot, plaice and flounder.

"Not on thy sole"—you know the rest,
But let the trite quotation
Stand while the race of soles protest
Against extermination.

Our elders, patient and content,
Their pound of flesh surrender;
Shylock himself must needs relent
Towards the young and tender.

Let full-grown fishes feel the smart
Of human persecutions:
But do not play the coward's part,
To war with Lilliputians.

Reflect that such untimely fate
Is just the way to spoil us;
O let us grow to man's estate
Before you catch and boil us.

Belov'd of coster and of cat
With well-deserved affection,
Weak, harmless, undersized and flat,
We crave your kind protection!

THIS advertisement—

WANTED, for small family, single-handed Butler.—Address, &c., &c.
—quoted from a weekly newspaper, suggests another form:—

WANTED, for small family, one-legged Foot-man to assist single-handed Butler.—Address, DOUBLE DUMMY, Whistcliff.



WHEN A MAN DOES NOT LOOK HIS BEST.

Little Brown. "BEEN RUDE TO YOU, HAS HE? I'LL SOON SETTLE HIM."

Apparition (appearing from behind hedge). "AND MAY I ASK WOT YOU WANT WITH MY LITTLE BOY, GUV'NOB?"

TABLOID TRAGEDIES.

(Boorilised from the Best British Bard for Music-Hall purposes.)

A CLASSIC IN A CAPSULE!

NOTICE.—These tabloids are specially recommended by Professor CECIL RALEIGH, M.D. (Melo-farcical Dramatist), each tabloid being warranted to contain all the essential parts of a Five-Act Drama. They take no more than fifteen minutes to act, and will therefore be found a great boon by Playgoers who are in the habit of dining too heavily to digest strong dramatic fare with comfort. As all Poetry, Philosophy, and other innutritious elements have been carefully eliminated from our preparations, we can guarantee that they involve no strain whatever upon the weakest intellect.

TABLOID No. I.—HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

SCENE I.—Elsinore. A platform before the Castle. Moonlight effect. HAMLET and HORATIO discovered.

Hamlet. Yes, HORATIO, you were ever my Boyhood's Friend, and, as such, I put it to you whether, seeing that but two short months have elapsed since the funeral obsequies of my Royal Father, I am not justified in considering my Mother's nuptials with my Uncle CLAUDIUS decidedly premature under the circumstances?

Horatio (diplomatically). I must frankly confess that the Court has gone out of mourning within an unusually short time. And, while we are upon this subject, are you aware that a spirit, bearing a remarkable resemblance to your late lamented father when in full armour, has been recently observed in this locality? I have myself been an eye-witness of the phenomenon, and it would not altogether surprise me were it to appear this evening—in fact, here it comes!

Enter the Ghost of HAMLET's father to weird music. Exit HORATIO.

Ghost. HAMLET, I am the spirit of your late father. The report that I was stung to death by a serpent in an orchard was not entirely accurate. The serpent in question was no other than your uncle CLAUDIUS, who poured corrosive sublimate into my ear while I was enjoying a *siesta*. I leave it to you to avenge this unnatural conduct. Farewell!

[Vanishes.]

Ham. (aside). Then it was my uncle after all! Strange—but I always had my suspicions of him! It now becomes my painful duty to exact amends for the murder of my father. 'Twere best to begin by affecting madness, for thus shall I escape legal responsibility for my actions. (To HORATIO, who re-enters) Should you hereafter observe anything at all eccentric in my demeanour, pray do not attach any importance to it!

Hor. I will not, my Lord.

[They walk off together. Change to:]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Castle. At back, a curtained arch, behind which is a fit-up stage. On the r. hangings of arras. POLONIUS and OPHELIA discovered.

Polonius. And so, my daughter, you have of late noted a falling off in the marked attentions paid you by Prince HAMLET? Let me recommend you to bring him to the point by demanding his intentions.

Ophelia. Father, I will follow your advice to the best of my

ability. (*Enter HAMLET, feigning madness.*) Am I to understand, my lord, that—

Ham. You are. I never loved you, and the best thing you can do is to retire to the nearest nunnery. POLONIUS, I know you well—you are a fishmonger, and a tedious old fool. That cloud has the back of a weasel, but is very like a whale.

Pol. (*to OPHELIA.*) His intellect is obviously deranged. Come away, my child. [*Exit with OPHELIA, who weeps.*

Ham. (*to himself.*) 'Tis now high time that I set about seriously avenging my father—and yet, after all, is it absolutely certain that the ghost was telling me the truth? Should I not be acting rashly in placing implicit reliance upon the unsupported assertion of a shadow? If I could but convince myself of my uncle's guilt! (*Enter the Players.*) Ha! who are these? I remember now—they must be the touring company who have been commanded to give a theatrical entertainment in the Castle this evening. An idea occurs to me—what if I—? (*To the Players*) Welcome, ladies and gentlemen—do you happen to have any piece in your répertoire in which one of two brothers murders the other?

First Player. We have, my lord, but we have not performed it for so long that we are become somewhat fluffy in the dialogue.

Ham. No matter—I will write in some extra business. Follow me, and we will run through it together immediately. (*To himself*) The play will do the trick! Should my Uncle be the culprit, his guilty conscience will infallibly cause him to give himself away. Then I shall know where I am!

[*Exit with Players.* A pause. Then enter POLONIUS with KING and QUEEN.

Pol. For myself, I have no doubt whatever that HAMLET is in a state closely bordering on lunacy.

King Claudius. If so, he must be placed under medical superintendence. It is quite possible that he may be harbouring designs against our person. Should an opportunity occur I shall be obliged by your concealing yourself behind the arras here, so as to overhear his remarks.

Pol. I will certainly do so on the first convenient occasion—but I observe that, just now, the private theatricals are about to commence.

[*Flourish of trumpets; enter the QUEEN and Court, also HAMLET and OPHELIA.* They take their seats for the performance.

Ham. (*to the KING.*) I can promise you an excellent good show—though I cannot of course tell how the piece may happen to strike you.

[*The curtains of the arch are drawn. A Player is seen dropping poison from a bottle into the ear of a sleeping Player King.*

King (*rising*). Stop the play! This is not a fit subject for representation on the stage!

[*He goes out hastily. Commotion—amidst which the stage is gradually cleared of everyone except the QUEEN, HAMLET and POLONIUS.*

Ham. (*to himself.*) After this, I can no longer doubt that the Ghost's account was accurate in every particular. And yet I don't quite see my way to avenge him. (*To the QUEEN*) Mother, may I request a word with you in private?

Pol. (*to himself.*) Now is my chance to conceal myself behind the arras! (*To QUEEN*) Madam, will you permit me to retire?

Queen (*after POLONIUS has retired behind the arras.*) Well, HAMLET, what is it now?

Ham. I should like to know what could have induced you to marry such a hopeless outsider as my uncle, so utterly inferior as he is to my father in every possible respect? . . . What is that behind the arras? It must be a rat—and a rat is an animal that I cannot endure! (*Draws his sword and thrusts, then parts the hangings, and drags forth the body of POLONIUS.*) Only POLONIUS! My mistake entirely.

I was under the impression it was the KING. (*To himself*) So it seems my distasteful task still remains to be performed. But I will do it—some day. [*Exit.*

Ophelia (*enters.*) I have but just now encountered my lord HAMLET—his manner was most peculiar. (*Sees body of POLONIUS.*) What do I behold? My father! A corpse—and slain by HAMLET's hand! (*She goes mad.*) Ha-ha-ha! he made a good end—We may call it herb-grace o' Sundays! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Good-night, sweet lady! [*Exit.*

Queen (*to herself.*) I have a strange presentiment which I cannot shake off, as if some evil were impending! [*Exit.*

Enter KING, deeply moved.

King. A most regrettable event has just transpired. The lady OPHELIA has rashly terminated her existence in a trout stream.

Queen. I am more sorry than surprised at this intelligence. HAMLET has slain her father, so it is but natural that the shock should have turned her brain. [*Exit, depressed.*

King (*to himself, with remorse.*) This is indeed a most unfortunate occurrence! I feel as if my sin were beginning to find me out!

Enter LAERTES, furious.

Laertes. I have just been informed that my father is slain and OPHELIA drowned. Villain! you shall answer to me for this!

King. It was no fault of mine. HAMLET is the party who is really responsible. But I can show you how you may have your revenge upon him. See, here are foils. I will remove the button from one and poison the point. (*He does so.*) We will get up a fencing match between you and HAMLET to amuse the QUEEN, and, should you by any chance fail to pink him with the foil, I will drop something into this cup which will effectually settle his business (*poisoning a property flagon*). And now to clear away the corpse of POLONIUS, summon HAMLET, and invite the QUEEN and Court to witness the proceedings! (*A pause.* Enter QUEEN and Court, HAMLET and HORATIO.) HAMLET, LAERTES here is anxious to try his skill at fence with you. I have laid long odds that you will come off best.

Ham. Uncle, I fear that you will lose your money. (*To LAERTES*) Deeply attached as I was to your unhappy sister, and profoundly upset as I am by so sad a loss, I feel that I cannot, as a gentleman, decline to meet you in a friendly bout with the foils.

[*Music; business of selecting foils, &c.* They play.

Queen. Stop! HAMLET is out of breath. Let there be an interval for refreshments. (*Takes the poisoned flagon.*) HAMLET, I look towards you. [*She drinks.*

King. GERTRUDE! Not that! Not that! (*To himself*) Too late! She has already imbibed a dose sufficient to be fatal to ten ordinary horses!

Laertes (*after securing the unbuttoned foil, aside to KING.*) My lord, he will be done for this time! (*To HAMLET*) Come on! [*They play; LAERTES wounds HAMLET.*

Hor. A hit!

[*In the scuffle they change rapiers, and HAMLET wounds LAERTES.*

Laertes. I have received my quietus and am justly punished for my abominable treachery! HAMLET, you have not half an hour to live—the blade was poisoned. It was the KING's idea. Forgive me. [*Dies.*

Queen. I am not feeling at all well. I fear the drink must have been doctored by somebody. Oh! [*Dies.*

Ham. (*to KING.*) So, traitor, this was your fell work, was it? At least, ere I depart to that bourne from which no traveller (with the possible exception of my lamented father) has ever yet been known to return, I will have the sombre satisfaction of despatching you before me in that direction.

Take that—and that! (*Stabs KING, who dies.*) Father, dear Father! at last thou art avenged! HORATIO, adieu—if you love me, keep this scandalous affair from getting into the local papers.

[*Dies.*

Hor. (to himself). "Twill be no easy matter to hush up such a series of appalling catastrophes in high life! But I will see what I can do with the Editor of the *Court Circular*.

(*Curtain.*) F. A.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY EVENING; OR, MR. PUNCH'S ANTIDOTE TO MUSICAL COMEDY.

By way of counteracting the deplorable frivolity of the age and stimulating the intellectual efficiency of the nation, *Mr. Punch*, never unready to improve on his contemporaries, has decided to institute a series of Literary Competitions for the young, specially suited to the requirements of the present crisis in our educational system. Virtue being its own reward, and the bestowal of an honorarium on one person being notoriously calculated to excite jealousy and disappointment amongst unsuccessful competitors, *Mr. Punch* has resolved to abstain from offering prizes, especially as these competitions are designed to lead back to a strenuous life those persons whose idleness is the fruit of affluence.

(A). Construct a sonnet, the lines in which shall end with the following rhymes:—

- Duke
- doze
- disclose
- rebuke
- snook
- nose
- Rose-
- forsook
- authority
- motion
- majority
- devotion
- retaliation
- explanation.

(B.) Put into the Parliamentary language of the House of Commons the following:—

"You may say that is 'only Pretty FANNY's way,' but if these are the expressions of a gentleman speaking under great heat and provocation—I say that if a man cannot curb his tongue better than that, 'Pretty FANNY' should not be First Lord of the Treasury."

(C). Translate into Hebrew the following paragraph:—

"No one can say that we are an irreligious people so long as church parade is so well patronised as on last Sunday. Lord and Lady LIONEL LONGMIRE were among the earliest visitors, and Lady CORNERSTONE looked lovely in a plum-



A DISCORD.

He. "Ha! ABSURD THINGS THOSE 'BATTLEDORE BALLADS.' EH! WHAT?"

She. "I'M SORRY YOU THINK SO—MY SISTER WROTE THEM!"

He. "ER—OF COURSE I DON'T MEAN THE WORDS—THEY'RE RIPPIN'. I MEAN THE MUSIC—POOR STUFF—SPOILS WORDS—COMPOSER OUGHT TO BE KICKED—WHO WROTE IT?"

She. "I DID!!!"

[Awkward silence.]

coloured gaberdine. Mrs. SALMON was with Miss GLADSTONE. The Marchesa PIETRA D'ORO came in a bath chair, and the congregation also included Mr. and Mrs. SOLLY-MANN, pretty Miss DE LA ZARUS, and Sir JOSEPH and Lady LEEON-LOWE."

(D). Reduce within the bounds of probability the following letter:—

To the Editor of the "Daily" —.

Sir,—I congratulate you heartily on the splendid stand that you are making in your paper for sanity, reticence, and good taste.

(E). Complete the following Limericks:—

- (1). There was an old maid in the Tube
Who sucked a gigantic jujube.
- (2). There was an old man of Greenore
Who thought ARTHUR ROBERTS a bore.

(3). There once was a passive resister
Whose struggles developed a blister.

(4). There was an old man of Long Acre
Who couldn't eat oats à la Quaker.

SMART SET.

This is indeed good news:—

"EISENBAHNHAUFSLEIFERIN" — Herr BUDDE, Prussian Minister of Public Works, is devoting himself to the simplification of titles borne by railway officials. His first order is that in future "Hilfsfahrtkartenausgeberinnen, Telegraphistinnen oder Abfertigungshelferinnen" shall be compelled to lose their individual titles, which are to be merged into the humbler one of "Eisenbahnausleiferin" ("railway assistant").

It is to be hoped that this excellent idea of the Prussian Minister's will not be nipped in the BUDDE.



AWARDING THE BISCUIT.

Dingy Bohemian. "I WANT A BATH OLIVER."
Immaculate Servitor. "MY NAME IS NOT OLIVER!"

"AUTHENTIC BLUNDERS."

STIMULATED by the infectious example of the correspondents of the *Spectator*, a number of personages, eminent in various high callings, have communicated to us examples of "Authentic blunders" for which they are personally prepared to vouch. The following letters, we need hardly say, are only a small selection from the myriads which have blocked our letter-box during the last week:—

DEAR SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, I was invited to dinner by the Master and placed next a stranger who was strangely silent.

Wishing to cheer him up I said, "Have you heard HERBERT SPENCER's latest riddle about Lord ACTON?" On his replying in the negative, I went on: "Why is Acton's condition hopeless? Because he's past Ealing and on the road to Hanwell." Imagine my feelings when the Master informed me that my neighbour was none other than the amiable and omniscient Peer himself! Happily I was subsequently enabled to make the *amende honorable* in one of my books (*Interviews with the Illustrious*, Vol. XIII. p. 764). But the whole episode has always seemed to me to be so striking an example of the need of looking before you leap that, much as I hate quoting

from myself, I feel that no excuse is needed for recalling the incident.

Faithfully yours, LEO LAMASH.
Casa Castagna, Venice.

DEAR SIR,—My old friend Canon GUY FAWKER, who suffers from what I believe is technically known as *metaphasia*, recently asked me if I had read a novel called *The Lovely Florists*. On my inquiring who was the author, he replied "HORACE MEWLETT." I am, Sir,

Yours, &c. E. G.

DEAR SIR,—At an amateur performance of *Julius Caesar* in my native town of Tipperary, the part of *Mark Antony* was taken by the local house-agent, who brought down the house with the line:

"See what a rint the envious Cæsca paid!"
Yours, &c. X. Y. Z.

DEAR SIR,—The following answers to a general paper recently set to my boys may be of interest to your readers.

Who was WILLIAM WATSON?—Ans. (1) The author of *Harmsworth's Grave*. (2) The friend of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

What do you know of WILLIAM WHITELEY?—Ans. (1) Sir WILLIAM WHITELEY was the defender of Ladysmith. On his return from South Africa his admirers built him a large tabernacle in Moorfields, where he set up as the Universal Provider and edited the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. His last words were, "England expects that every man this day will pay his instalment." (2) WILLIAM WHITELEY was a celebrated novelist and the author of the famous romance, *No. 5 Westbourne Grove*.

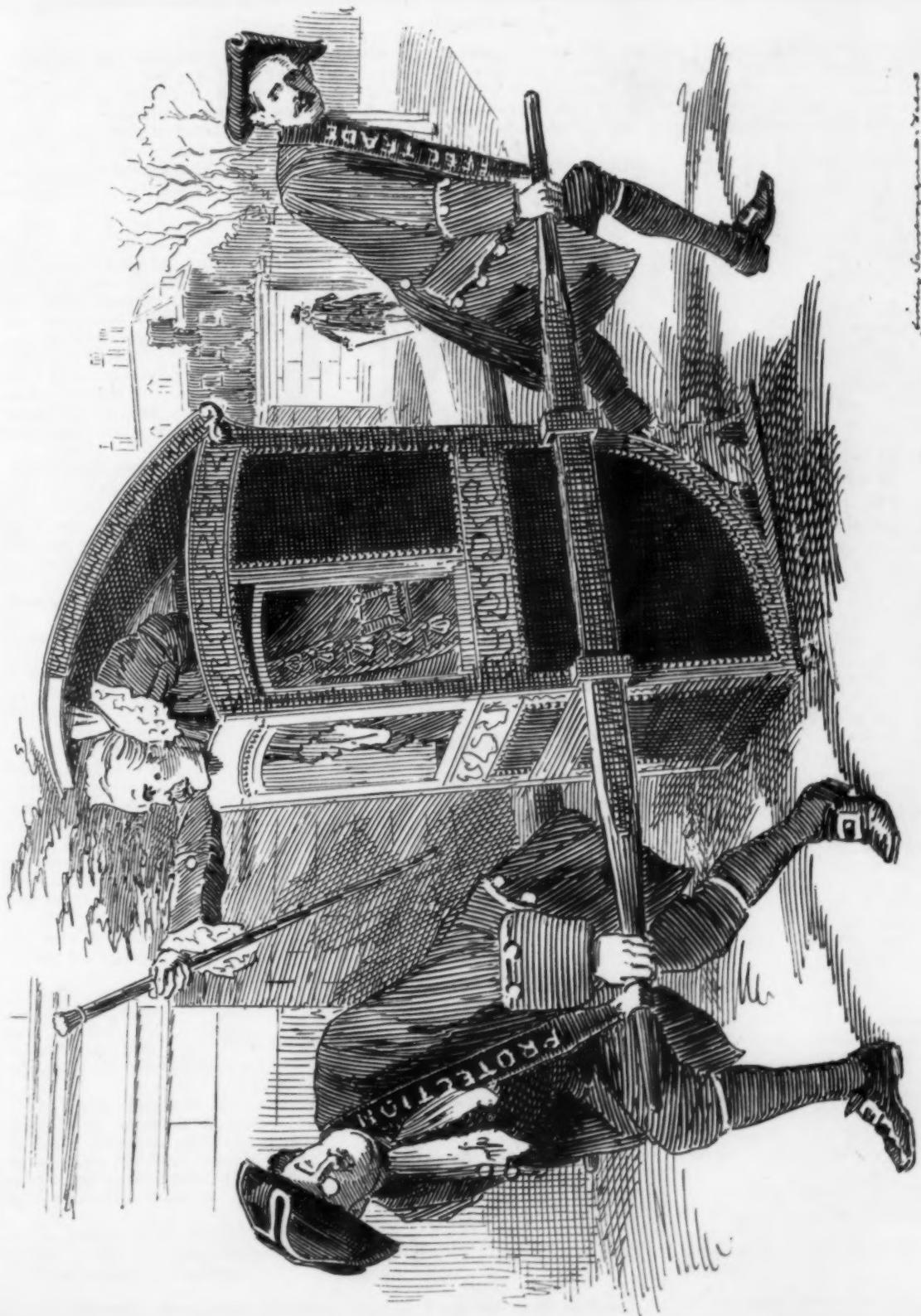
Who was Sir RICHARD CALMADY?—Ans. This brave man, after his legs had been cut off, fought with the stumps. For this he was made a baronet, and given a special coat of arms with the motto *E cruribus unum*.

Who was "Pretty FANNY"?—Ans. Pretty FANNY was the name of Lord ROSEBURY's maiden aunt.

What is the real name of FIONA MACLEOD?—Ans. BECKY SHARP.

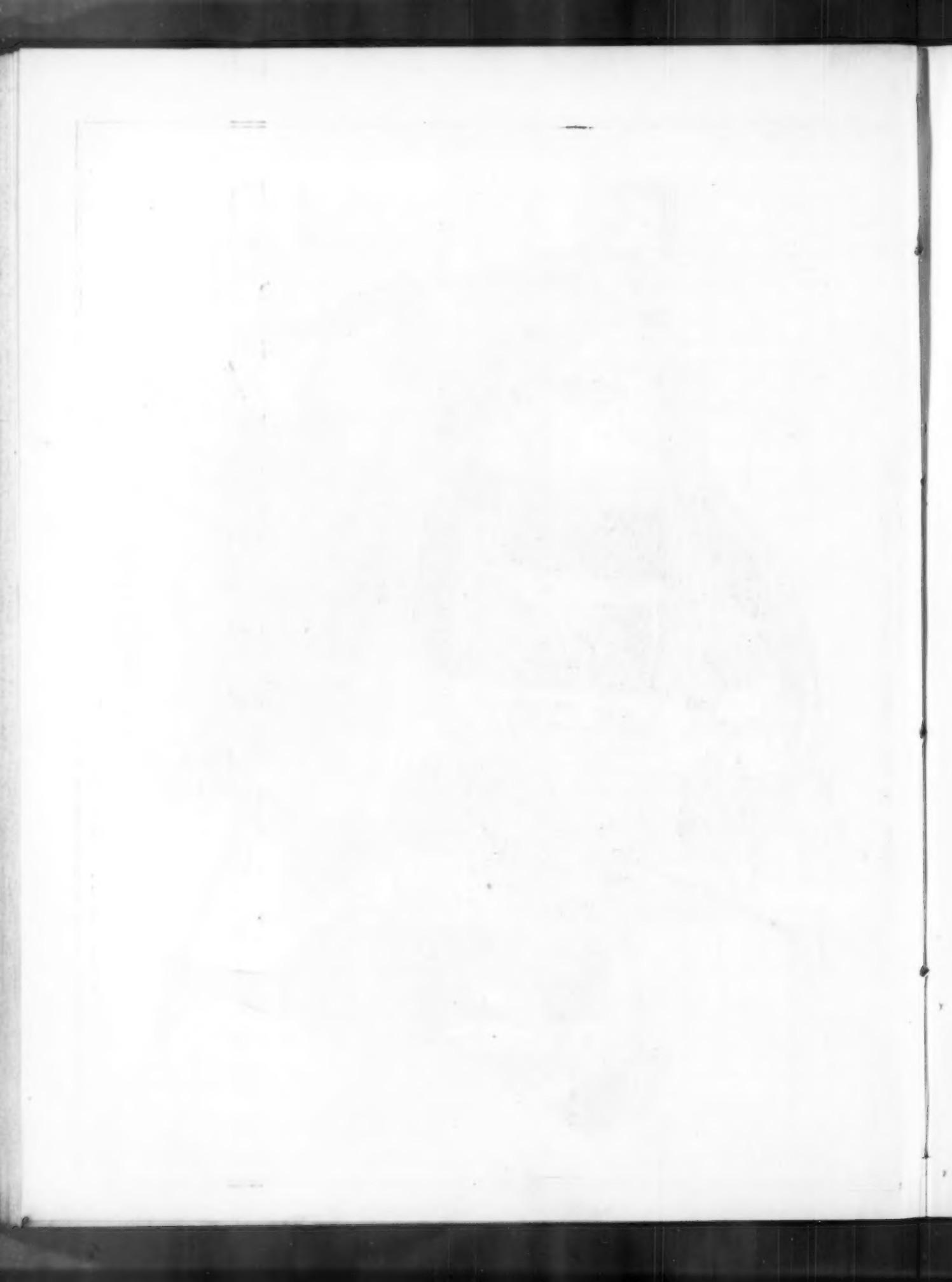
What do you know of JESSE COLLINGS, Radium, the Mormons?—Ans. JESSE COLLINGS was a famous writer. He wrote JESSE COLLINGS'S "Last Prayer." After this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN made him Home Secretary and gave him three Akers. Radium is a circle outside which cabs charge a shilling a mile. The Mormons were a sect founded by Judge BIGHAM. Faithfully yours,
Winchester. H. M. B.

"FLYING THE KITE."—An official denial has been given to the rumour, started in connection with the Japanese War Loan, that the MIKADO has decorated several leading financiers with the Order of the Golden Kite.



VERY UPSETTING.

PERTURBED PASSENGER. "HERE! HI! HI! IF YOU GO ON LIKE THIS YOU'LL HAVE ME OUT."



CHARIVARIA.

THE Dowager Empress of KOREA, who died in January, has just been buried with what old-fashioned Koreans are inclined to consider indecent haste. However, it seems to have been a very jolly funeral, the principal feature of the procession being a number of comical paper horses.

The cold in Thibet continues to be intense. In fact, according to the *Daily Mail*, one day two companies of our men were overtaken by a blizzard, and the officers were ultimately reduced to frozen bully beef.

The British workman is not such a fool as some would have us believe. The men employed at Portsmouth Dockyard have already realised that the object of the new regulations is to get work out of them, and there is likely to be trouble.

A Bill to enable the elimination trials for the Gordon-Bennett motor-car races to be held in the Isle of Man has been passed by the House of Keys. Curiously enough the local cats look as if such races had already taken place.

Another counterfeit coin factory has been raided. It becomes more difficult every day to make money.

The *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, always enterprising, is about to start a new feature. From an announcement in its columns we learn that it is contemplating the publication of illustrations by eye-witnesses of events.

"Is fiction deteriorating?" asks a writer in the *National Review*. Certainly not since the war began.

It is interesting to notice the influence

of the recent wet weather on our novelists. The other day a publisher was advertising "On the Wings of the Wind—RAINE," and now Mr. S. R. CROCKETT has produced a "Strong Mac."

Such persons as think we attach an

the Camera Club on "Photographs in Relief." We hope the Signor does not think he has hit on a novelty. Our experience of having our portrait taken is that it is always a relief when finished.

There is a horrible rumour floating about to the effect that the few fine days we had last week were the whole of this year's summer.

A Tokio barber announces that he is willing to cut the hair of all Japanese soldiers and sailors free of charge. Russian throats attended to on the same terms, we presume.

"I LIKE the view your *Times* takes of the War," said a stolid Russian.

This was a surprise to his English friend, who naturally asked for his reason.

"I will tell you," was the Russian's reply. "The *Times* speaks the truth. Look at the heading of this article, which I have not read—but the heading is enough for me—see, it is in large letters, *Japanese Press on the War*. That is exactly what they did do; exactly what they are doing."

A CORRESPONDENT is surprised to find

the following under the head of "War Items" in the *Daily Mail*:—"Fresh caviare is still to be had in the restaurants at Port Arthur." The explanation is simple. The caviare is for "the General." See *Hamlet*.

Another Eastern Atrocity.

WHY are there so many risings on the Turkish frontier?

Because the SULTAN is the sick man of the Yeast.

A CLERICAL ERROR.—A long sermon.



OVERHEARD AT A DANCE.

He. "RIPPING FLOOR THIS. I LOVE IT!"
She (drily). "THEN WHY DANCE ON MY FEET?"

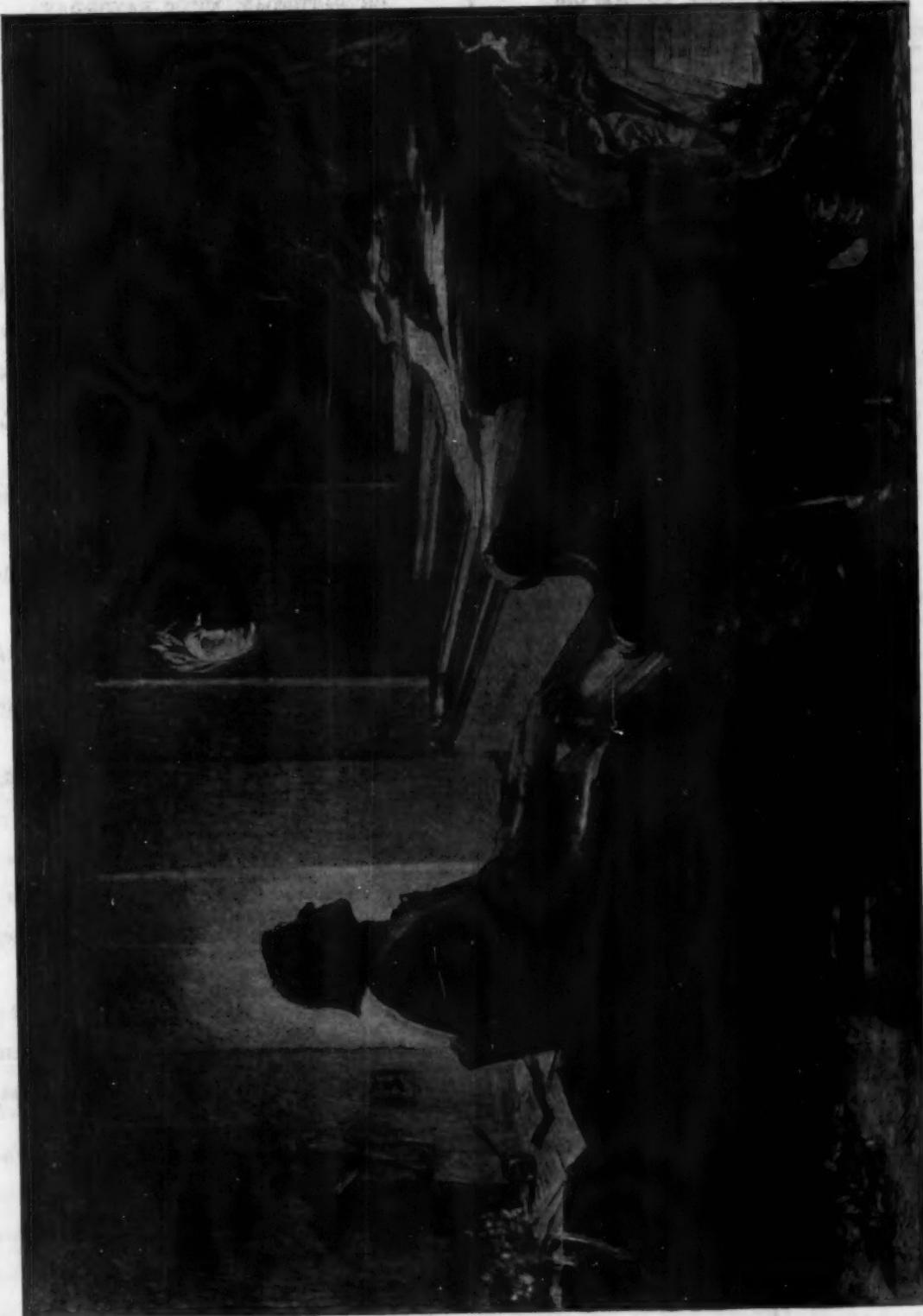
exaggerated importance to our Members of Parliament may be interested to hear that, in India, gas engines are worshipped at a certain period of the year.

Major-General BADEN-POWELL'S keen eye has not been slow to discover a defect in our cavalry. He has proposed that a horse shall be supplied for every trooper, and will not be satisfied until he has converted our cavalry into a mounted force.

Signor BAESSE has been lecturing at



ART AND ADORATION. NO. I.—"THEY FOOL ME TO THE TOP OF MY BENT."—Hamlet.



ART AND ADORATION. No. 2.—"THE WORLD FORGETTING."—*Pope*.

ALL THE TALENTS AT DALY'S.

If pretty faces, shapely forms, in exceptionally brilliant costumes designed by PERCY ANDERSON, plenty of life, go, and brightest coloured scenery by HAWES CRAVEN, much fun from the WRIGHT man in the right place, as *Chamhuddy Ram*, assisted by Miss GRACIE LEIGH as *Peggy Sabine*, LIONEL MONCKTON's pleasant music, and WILLIE WARDE's wonderful dances, if such a combination, in which must be included the work and play of Messrs. TANNER, ROSS, GREENBANK, and RUBENS, should fail to repeat the usual success that Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES seems invariably to command wherever he starts a show of this sort, then the indefatigable Manager must come to his own rescue and try some other device. Whatever may be now lacking in the way of a song that will catch on is sure to be supplied by the talented co-comic-operative company.

Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN is just what the musical hero *Harry Vereker* would be if he were Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN. He has pretty music to sing, but nothing that will come up to his "Queen of my Heart to-night." No doubt within another few weeks something specially attractive will be found for him. Mr. RUTLAND BARRINGTON has no song equal to that about the "six little, five little" (and so forth *diminuendo*) wives; but he does imminently what little he has to do, and his costumes are marvellous.

Miss ISABEL JAY looks magnificent and sings delightfully; though here again her song about the Japs does not excite the *furore* it was evidently written to arouse.

Having mentioned JAY, we come in alphabetical order to KAYE. Mr. FRED KAYE has a catch phrase about "the climate," and cuts a very droll figure as *Sir Peter Loftus, High Commissioner* (five-feet-high Commissioner) and *Judge, Ceylon*. Nature has made "Little KAYE" just the very man for a small part, and has been so economical with his inches that 'tis quite impossible we can have too much of him.

Miss SYBIL ARUNDALE possesses a sweet contralto voice, and does full justice to the part of *Nunoya*, the pretty, coquettish, dark-eyed Cingalese girl. The best number, and the most loudly encored, is the quartette for *Nunoya*, *Harry*, *Naitoema* (a part capitally played by Miss CARRIE MOORE) and *Willie Wilson* represented by Mr. J. BODDY, who is not a mere any-Boddy, but a somebody as a bass singer. To the experienced Mr. WILLIE WARDE the greatest praise is due for his admirably contrived dances and his stage-management of crowds, over whom he is able to keep watch and ward when appearing on the stage as an Indian servant, *Myamgah*, whose unobtrusive pantomime is genuinely artistic.

As for Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT, the fun of the piece depends almost entirely upon his rendering of the Baboo Lawyer, whom everyone familiar with ANSTEY GUTHRIE's *Mr. Jabberjee* (whose comments and adventures originally achieved so great a fame in *Mr. Punch's* pages) cannot fail to recognise. The authors have privately, as we hear, acknowledged their indebtedness to the creator of *Mr. Jabberjee*; perhaps this tribute to Mr. GUTHRIE may take a more substantial form than that of mere complimentary gratitude. The Baboo student of the Temple is as amusing on the stage as he is in Mr. GUTHRIE's pages, and not a point is lost by Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT. A duet between him and Miss GRACIE LEIGH goes with much laughter, but it is not on a par with some of its predecessors.

There is one remarkable fact about the Cingalese at Daly's. Whatever may be the tint of their faces—brown, reddish-brown, or dark olive—their hands (and arms when visible) are just the colour of an ordinary Cockney's. The male Cingalese chorus and supers do not throw themselves so completely into their characters as did the gentleman who, in order to play *Othello*, blacked himself all over. The piece is half-an-hour too long.

ON SATURDAY, NEXT SATURDAY.

On Saturday, next Saturday, the twenty-sixth of March,
When other folks are breakfasting or getting out of bed—
Where Putney Bridge divides the flood with buttress and
with arch,

Two Eights shall start for victory (and one shall go ahead),

Oh it's getting to your stake-boat that makes you shake
and shiver,

Where the launches all are fretting in the middle of the
river;

And it's taking off your sweater, and it's gripping
of your oar,

With your coxswain looking glum,

While a deep expectant hum

Comes like surges of a stormy sea that beats upon
the shore;

And it's "Steady, are you ready?" and you lie there side
by side,
Till the Umpire's flashing pistol sets you racing on the
tide!

When other folks are breakfasting or getting out of bed,
On Saturday, next Saturday (I hope I shan't be late),
There'll be a roar of cheering to waken all the dead
At Putney when the racing crews get off at thirty-eight.

Oh it's swinging it and driving it that makes you move
your bellows;

And it's watching (which you shouldn't do) the other
puffing fellows;

And it's giving her ten hard ones and straining
like an ox

With your muscles on the crack

In your shoulders and your back,

As you hear the frantic orders of your agitated Cox.
And it's "Mortlake, weary Mortlake, I wish you weren't
so far,"

And the Cox yells, "Now you're gaining," and, by Jingo,
so you are!

On Saturday, next Saturday, may I be there to greet
Those sixteen jolly Englishmen a-tugging for the lead.
And eight shall have the victory and eight must bear defeat,
But what's the odds since all have pluck—and that's the
thing we need.

Oh it's rowing in a stern chase that makes you feel
you're dying,
But it's spouting, gaining, spouting that makes you
think you're flying;

And it's smiting the beginning and it's sweeping
of it through

Just for honour, not for self,

And without a thought of self,

For the glory of your colour and the credit of your
crew.

And it's "Easy all, you've passed the post," and lo,
you loose your grip,
But not until the falling flag proclaims you're at the
"Ship."

R. C. L.

THE following advertisement appeared recently in a North Country paper:—

REQUIRED, Lower Form Master in a small school: one
who will help in the garden preferred.

Messrs. CATSKIN, RABIDAS AND BILLET, the well-known Scholastic Agents, inform us that they have a vacancy of an exceptional character which they commend to the notice of any Senior Wranglers out of employment:—

WANTED, after Easter, Mathematical Assistant in large
Preparatory School. Salary no consideration. Duties
light, as another master milks the cows in the afternoon.



A SHOW OF HANS.

[RICHTER interprets ELGAR'S Dream.]

MR. PUNCH'S SYMPOSIA.

XIII.—THE LIMITS OF INVECTIVE.

SCENE—*The Offices of Dr. MURRAY'S Dictionary.*

PRESENT.

*Lord Rosebery (in the chair).**The Speaker.*

Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

Rt. Hon. Austen Chamberlain, M.P.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.

Mr. R. W. Perks, M.P.

Mr. Labouchere, M.P.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Mr. William Watson.

Mr. Herbert Paul.

Lord Rosebery. My Lords, Sir GILBERT PARKER, and Gentlemen, we are met to discuss a problem which I own has of late moved me profoundly. I think we must all agree that to dispense with invective altogether would impose too great a strain on the forbearance of public men. For how otherwise could we repudiate calumny, how express our righteous indignation? For my own part, ever since I entered upon my lonely furrow I have found it hard to avoid calling a spade a spade, or a slate a slate. But there must of course be some limits. It would be incorrect as well as offensive, for example, to call the Premier "Ugly FRANCES." Where then must the line be drawn?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor. My own feeling is that there should be no invective.

The first rule of conduct for a man aspiring to public honours should be, acquire superlatives; the second, acquire superlatives; and the third, acquire superlatives.

Mr. R. W. Perks. But suppose something arises that demands castigation?

Mr. O'Connor. Change the subject.

Mr. Perks. Personally, I see no objection to calling a Prime Minister "Pretty FANNY." Pretty, I take it, is not a term of abuse. I understand that many of the inhabitants of these islands, high and low, would give their ears to merit the adjective. And FANNY? Is not FANNY a name in high honour? Was there not FANNY BURNEY, a distinguished novelist; FANNY KEMBLE, a distinguished actress; FANNY—

The Speaker. Would the noble lord our Chairman justify a reference to, say, Mr. CHAPLIN as Little MARY?

Lord Rosebery. It is not a name I should have myself bestowed.

Mr. Perks. Noblesse oblige.

Mr. William Watson. Poets perhaps are entitled to a wider licence than statesmen. Personally, if returned to Parliament, I should never think of restraining any impulse to condemn what I did not think right. Whoever opposed me would have to expect a sonnet.

The Speaker. Sonnets are not in order—at least, not more than one, a very short one, used as a quotation for rhetorical purposes.

Mr. Watson. But if a publicist could become articulate in no other way—like myself and Canon RAWNSLEY?

Mr. Labouchere. I fear your chances of catching the Speaker's eye would be remote.

Mr. Watson. Oh indeed! Then I should group the Speaker with ABDUL forthwith.

Mr. Perks. ABDUL the . . .

Mr. Watson. The same.

The Speaker. Then stick to Parnassus; do not court Parliament. We are a simple prosaic folk, not in the least sonnet.

Mr. Labouchere. The best rule for Parliamentary success is to say what you think. Don't beat about the bush. Just tell the truth, and your reputation as a cynic will be made; and once a reputation is made in Parliament it is never allowed to drop. I once made the mistake of composing a joke, and ever since then I have been labelled witty. But no stranger who hears me now would apply any such epithet.

The Speaker. Certainly not.

Mr. Labouchere. Why do you say certainly not?

The Speaker. I thought you would like to find some one in agreement.

Mr. Labouchere. No, Sir, no cynic likes to be agreed with. Directly he is agreed with he ceases to be a cynic.

Mr. Bernard Shaw. The great fault

with Parliamentary invective is that it is employed against political opponents. Now there is no fun in abusing the other side; the superman abuses his own. Why seek for enemies when one has so many friends available for obloquy?

Mr. Austen Chamberlain. My august father writes that it is very hard that in a country which prides itself upon free speech there should be any censorship. He goes on to remark that he would like to see a tax put upon unnecessary magnanimity. I might add, as a matter of some interest to the company, that my august father's inability to take things lying down forces him to sleep either in a sitting or a vertical position. This serves to show that the higher patriotism is not without its sacrifices.

Mr. Labouchere. The best thing to do when one has something unparliamentary to say is to keep it until one is addressing one's constituents. At Northampton I say things for which, at Westminster, I should be put in the Clock Tower.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Is there really a Clock Tower? I have not noticed it.

Mr. Labouchere. Certainly; but you are not likely to trouble it much. And a man who never risks the Clock Tower never does anything.

Sir Gilbert Parker. But I don't think one ought to risk the Clock Tower. I think one's language should betray courtesy, clarity, and conviction.

Mr. Watson. Would not a dictionary of allowable phrases and epithets be a useful book for distribution in the House? A standard work of reference on those lines would sensibly simplify the duties of the legislator.

Sir Gilbert Parker. Our noble Chairman carries Dr. MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary* about with him. Why should not all of us do so?

Mr. Labouchere. We can if we like; it is merely a question of sufficient retainers.

Mr. Watson. Is it allowable to say, "You're another"?

Lord Rosebery. It depends on the initial statement.

Mr. O'Connor. Allow me in the most heartfelt manner to utter a solemn plea for universal tolerance. There has been too much vituperation; let us enter upon a period of compliments. Our golden rule should be, Whenever you see a head, pat it.

Mr. Herbert Paul (sotto voce). With a pat of butter. (*A loud.*) The question before us is, What are the limits of invective? Might not our course be dictated by the famous counsel of a by-gone editor to his staff of reviewers: "Be just, be merciful; but when you do meet with a silly ass, string him up"?

[Carried unanimously, save for Mr. O'Connor and Sir GILBERT PARKER.]

IN MEMORIAM.

S.Y.S. the Duke of Cambridge.

BORN : 1819.

DIED : MARCH 17, 1904.

THE years that saw old systems changed to new
Still left his spirit changeless to the end
Who served his kindred's throne a long life through,
And died, as he had lived, the soldier's friend.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In the *Red Leaguers* (METHUEN) Mr. SHAN F. BULLOCK accomplishes a *tour de force*. There are many novels whose drama is played out in Ireland in times of seething sedition or open rebellion. But the authors have gone back to '98, or at latest to the famine epoch of the mid-nineteenth century. Mr. BULLOCK boldly plunges on to the threshold of the twentieth century. He imagines a state of things existing in Ireland after the Boer War when, as he puts it, "England stood bound hand and foot. One stroke and Ireland was free, a nation at last. A vast organisation of true Irishmen had been formed, with capable leaders at its head, and branches spreading through the world. Through Ireland itself ran a huge confederacy, guided, controlled, with branches in every parish. One man was at the head; under him were leaders; under them the Irish people. All was secret, all were sworn." This is the dream of some Irishmen before and since the time of EMMET. Mr. BULLOCK realises it in vigorous and graphic detail. He follows the fortune of one rebel band under the command of a soldier of fortune named Shaw. The narrative is so precise and powerful that emotional people like my Baronite will as they read pinch their thumbs to assure themselves they are not dreaming. Designedly or not, certainly without obvious effort, Mr. BULLOCK informs his stirring story with a moral over which honest, if extreme, Nationalists will do well to ponder.

Part 2, *Bygone Eton* (SPOTTISWOODE & Co., LTD.), interesting to Etonians. Here is dreary "Long Chamber," concerning which much might be written entitled "Devilments and Diverse Dormitory Diversions." Illustration No. VI. shows a section of the Library, where among certain treasures is kept "a play written in 1534 by NICOLAS UDALL, Head Master of Eton." It has never been produced. Surely here is a chance for the "Stage Society," or for Mr. TREE's new dramatic school.

My Baronite thanks Messrs. HODDER AND STOUGHTON for introducing him to *Pa Gladden*. "The Story of a Common Man," Miss WALTZ adds by way of explanation. It is, also, the story of a beautiful, strenuous, unselfish life. *Pa Gladden* is the kind of man who is made only in the broad prairie lands of America. He is fortunate in having at hand authors, usually women, who perceive his goodness and are able to communicate it to others. He is a hard-working, not too wealthy, farmer, with a strong belief in the goodness and unremitting care of "the Onspeakable One." Kind-hearted but shrewd, thinking no evil, but taking care that it shall not approach those dear to him, he goes his daily round, shedding sunshine everywhere. One of his greatest triumphs is the subduing of his horse *Cephy*, a beast so savage that no one could keep him. So *Pa Gladden* got him cheap. *Pa* is the happy centre of everything. But Miss WALTZ's magic pen also draws the reader into charmed communion with the strangely-named quaint men and women who people a Kentucky hamlet. Reading the work has the whole-

some invigorating effect of filling the lungs with breath from the fresh winds that blow over the blue grass.

The Baron, setting aside the illogical plea in Mr. ARNOLD WHITE's elaborate "Introduction," can only give his opinion on ex-Lieutenant BILSE's novel as a work founded by its author (according to the evidence before the court-martial as reported in the Appendix) on facts within his own personal experience. For writing and publishing such work the court-martial judged him, Lieutenant OSWALD BILSE, "guilty of having libelled his superior officers and others in higher rank than himself, in a manner which has resulted in serious consequences to them. Further, he has disobeyed a stringent military order, namely, the Imperial regulation regarding the literary activity of persons in military service." His punishment was six months' imprisonment and dismissal from the service. The Baron, as a strict martinet, having read the clever translation of the ex-Lieutenant's book, emphasizes this verdict with "Serve him right." If ex-Lieutenant BILSE had sent in his resignation first, and had been quit of the army before publishing his novel, civil actions for libel might have followed, or a private inquiry might have been instituted by the highest military authorities, with beneficial results. Is this *Life in a Garrison Town* (JOHN LANE) to be taken as a fair specimen of all life in all garrison towns in Germany? Is it to be *ex uno discere omnes*? Or, is this case exceptional? Publish a *chronique scandaleuse* of the recklessly wicked doings of the Dirty-First Regiment quartered at Stow-in-the-hole, are we therefore to accuse the entire British Army of the grossest impropriety, of general dishonesty, of universal ineptitude, of total lack of discipline in all quarters, and to tar the ladies of the garrison, the officers' wives, with the same brush? The Baron, at the bureau of just criticism, compliments the translator on his work, yet must he say to the ex-Lieutenant, "Cassio, I love thee; but nevermore be officer of mine." Ex-Lieutenant BILSE cannot be congratulated on his unsavoury novel, but he may be fairly credited with the best intentions in writing and publishing it.

GUY BOOTHBY's *Consummate Scoundrel* (F. V. WHITE & Co.) receives the Baron's commendation, up to a certain point. Curiosity is aroused: there is the mystery which envelops a disappearing man: there is of course a thorough-going villain, and so forth. The commencement is distinctly good: so is the working up to the climax. But the climax is disappointing.

Mr. THEO. DOUGLAS has chosen a difficult form for his latest novel, *Miss Caroline* (ARNOLD), and has achieved a remarkable success. It is as though the heroine were writing her own story from notes made in her diary, but the narrative is so cleverly contrived as to run on smoothly without the ordinary mechanical marking time by a constant record of days and dates. *Caroline* herself is a charming type. Every character essential to the gradual development of a thoroughly interesting plot is most skilfully drawn. The strongly dramatic incidents are finely treated without the slightest suspicion of anything approaching mere melodramatic sensationalism. There is a freshness about the entire story that warrants the Baron in strongly recommending all who honour him by accepting his guarantee for the genuine merit of any novel to make the acquaintance of this delightful *ingénue* at the very earliest date possible.



DE

B.W.